

THE
NEW-GOSPEL
OF
CIVILIZATION
OR THE
CONCORD PHILOSOPHY
APPLIED

K. I. U. HISTORICO-POLITICAL CLASS LECTURE ON
THE GREAT HISTORIC CATAclysm

CUM-CIVILIS, CIVILIZE!
WE'LL CONVERT AND YOU BAPTIZE.

CLASS.

Virgin Marie-Elizabeth's
Comet Identified

NAPOLEON'S STAR CONJUNCTIVE

KEYSTONE
International University:

LONDON, WASHINGTON, PARIS.

1910.

The National Game

ON THE INTERNATIONAL BASIS

PRESENT POLITICAL SITUATION

“Up-to-Date” “Nines” of Ninny-veh.

BABA ALIBABA BULL, Umpire.

“Shakspeare to the bat!—(Grid-Iron Reserves)—No Billy-Ards this time!—Ball-inger pitch!—(Shade of Bowling-broke!) Pinchot catch! Taft first-base! Roosevelt on home-run—but musn’t forget which side he’s on! will find it hard to get around first-base man owing to width of girth and sundry other complications. Quarrels with Pope for second-base, fails, then compromises with Edward VII. on third by relinquishing home-run and taking “short-stop.” But we anticipate—we do—we prophetic bards—excuse our enthuthi-athm! it is our nature to.

“Play Ball!”

Never mind Teddie—he’s all over the field! Ballinger-pitch puts in a ‘twirl’ which Shakspeare-bat finds it convenient to miss—Pinchot-catch hurls it back red-hot at Ballinger-pitch pretending not to see Shakspeare’s dash for the Poie—almost sending first-base man or Nebuchadnezzar a second-time to grass! Ballinger wants to give Pinchot one lead-cold one back but can’t spare the

(Concluded last cover)

Baba Alibaba Bull Paresian=Doctor On the Situation!

CAN'T SPELL BUT CAN WRITE!

(And so can Roosevelt)

Universal Language and Politics Our
Specialty.

When Nimrod the Mighty Hunter started on his 'home-run' for Babylon or Ninny-veh on hearing that Two Lions whom he had supposedly left chained in the Tower of Babble were loose again and "prepared to do their duty"—if he hadn't 'stopped to sh—ave' he might have caught the rabbit! And that is why the Dog and the Hare are placed so low in the heavens but still a safe distance apart.

And though the 'Dashing Colonel' failed in his tactics this time and might have known that after a shave like that he could not beard the Lion in his Den yet the 'Babylonian Gazette' is still loud in his praise and wants his lion-hunting exploits, Nimrod-like, sculptured on all the vacant wall-spaces of modern Nine-veh! Startling phenomena these for a departed Brother having supposedly gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds for good without having even tasted the

sweets of our proposed New Civilization and in which the King of Beasts might give him ninety-eight points in that Billy-Ard play of the Son of the Century and beat him on the last two!

The Historico-Anthropological Class of the 'K. I. U.' (Thundering Applause) is now called to order, though of course you could hardly expect to be called civilized till after this Lecture (groans—and cheers—fyin'!) much less to act with becoming propriety in the presence of the Greatest Lion-Missionary—(Roosevelt! Roosevelt! He's the greatest ly-in-missionary WE know of except Cook, and Peary, and 'Professor' Hilprecht and a few others!)—on record! Will you, will you, Gentile-men, please to restrain your exuberant hilarity till I have time to put to you the simple but still leading question of 'Who was the First Man?

CLASS. Didn't know there was any—Boss, but we heard that there was one Coming and stand ready to 'hand him a cheer' the moment of his arrival!

B.—B. And that accounts for all these 'cheers' piled up on this platform—must think I am a Roosevelt or something de-lighting in the howls of the populace or 'jeers' of the multitude over his slaughter of innocent animals who have just as much constitutional right

to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" as he has or any Rough-Rider of them all! There was a time when I thought I saw in him the making of a gentleman but I still have hope of the American People! I scorn the man.

CLASS. Shall we go hang him for you in the interests of civilization while his deeds of blood and carnage are still fresh in the minds of the People of God and are not forgotten by all respectable people within six months after their perpetration or the return of the "hero" but of course if you do not just care to sanction that from the Throne of Grace, or Greece, we will see that the "hero" is handed down to posterity written with a very small "h" so as to do the least possible harm either to the Old or the New Civilization.

B.—B. There is a lot of truth and humanity in that and to avoid the shedding of more blood whether innocent or not perhaps the "dashing colonel of the jungle" if severely let alone will eventually come to his senses sufficiently to go and hang himself and thus spare the Coming Man or the International Peace Congress the expense of a rope.

CL. We'll pay for it! Let the procession proceed!

Heng-ist and Horsa
Came o'er from Warsaw

The English to civilize,
But Horsa was slain
That Heng-ist remain
The British to Anglicise!
Lots wouldn't take it
But threaten to break it
By hurling of chairs
And other affairs
To fill up the chasm
Without protoplasm
'Twixt Man and the Brute:
So very astute
Had Satan become
At the roll of the drum
Acquainting the Nations
Of all decorations
That Kingdom had Come!
Cum-Civilis, Civilize!
We'll convert and you baptize!

B.—B. Before introducing Miss Protoplasm to this highly dignified and cultivated audience than whom no greater ever awaited the coming of the higher civilization, I wish to remind Mr. Eikonogen Mugwump plus his colored brother 'Professor' Cyanide Williams that their contribution to Science, like the pelts of the mitey-hunter are not quite acceptable to the Pan-Anglican Committee on Ethno-Anthropological race-evolution. Which I interpret to mean that Miss Halley or Princess Henrietta-Maria informs Mr. Moor-

house that he can't Comet over her nor stand in the way of the Coming Man! but if he likes he may take "the young lady across the way" who is about of his size and general equipment or susceptibility. She has even been heard to say that as she has always been considered of a Millinery turn of mind she thought as how General Equipment might suit her very well as she preferred it to the Militia, and then it was so much nicer to have a regular General around than a mere Colonel or some young dude of a private. This of course will give the 'Babylonian Gazette' a chance to 'marry her off' and so make room for higher-civilization news-items.

CL. That is a very wise and liberal interpretation and worthy of the First-Astronomer of the age as well as the First Man. Now tell us where the First Woman is to come from and what is to be the Sign of her Coming!

B.—B. You are on the Eve of knowing the exact moment of Halley's arrival! She will then carry her bridal-veil before her which she now seems to have lost by being occulted or obscured by the Sun. When I step backward she will move forward, take up the rôle of the Concord Philosophy and discourse sweet music to your enraptured ears!

CL. But where's her Upright-Grand

BOSS? we like an accompaniment.

B.—B. She's got one—an Upright-Boss enough in me and you'll find her Grand enough for YOU, don't you forget it!

CL. Shall we hand you another cheer, Boss?

B.—B. Not unless it is Cassiopëia's—if you can reach it! Andromeda does not sit now on earthly thrones since her deliverance from the Gorgon—as My-nerve-eh she is too busy Tutor-ing the Greeks till the return of Ulysses!

CL. O we see!—to more than Shakespeare with one hand and brandish the Ægis or shield with the Gorgon's head on it with the other—she's a dandy,—she is!

B. B. And the only one of the Danaidæ or fifty daughters of Danaus who didn't slay her Egyptian husband at the command of her father. She just didn't take him, that's all. And for this she was chained to a rock by the sea to be devoured by the monster!

CL. Helen of Troy again before she was Penelope by thunder! and Dido of Carthage before she was Elissa or Mrs. Eneas—only that graft 'didn't take.'

B. B. Yes and Gulielma- or Halle-Maria (Holly-Mary) of 1682, wife of William versus Charles-Othello before she was the virgin-pure Miss Elizabeth Proteplasm whom I now introduce to

you here and hence no Egyptian husband or Cyanide Williams for her I tell you! (Deafening Cheers!)

Pure Literature

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN: I cannot write it nor any kind for 'SHE' is but the plastic mould of Nature or 'plasma' to be written upon. But I have inspired a man to write it for me. No chance for Cyanide Williams or Proto-Sulphate of Hydrogen-Brown to get in their work here. (Prolonged Cheers) Whatever may have been the secret of Desdemona's infatuation for the 'Moor of Venus' it gives me pleasure to state that Venus is now no Moor! (Cries of Poor thing! Poor thing! What did he die of?) Why if I died of Potassium as an antidote for rheumatism I suppose Dido died of Asiatic Romanism (I think they call it in the Universal Language) plus an overdose of the supposed antidote for uric-acid poisoning. So when I died Asiatic Romanism or Romanism died with her and the New-Church Protoplasm appeared that might be newly written upon by the master. The Virgin Mary, once Esther or 'Istar of Babylon' becomes the Virgin Elizabeth and a New Augustan or Elizabethan Age of Literature is produced; error is proved to be suicidal of

affects only those who are infected by it or affected towards it and the world is again purified and made whole in soul and body, sano mens in corpore sano, and Immortality through regeneration or re-incarnation becomes an established fact. The only question is, How often does it occur? Let me make a little mental calculation.

Le'-me see! a good Methodist or Free-Willer will fall from Greece or backslide from grace and get up again well as any expert slide-to-base runner about four times a year, or so as to be fixed-up or born-over at each Quarterly-Meeting. If oftener than this the suspicions of the brethren are aroused and he is haled before the 'CLASS' or Sanhedrim for 'discipline' and put on re-probation if a lay-member or if a minister he is reported to the General Conference to be replaced by some 'greater expert.'—A good Catholic can have his offenses condoned even oftener than that—for a consideration. But a Presbyterian or a Baptist Predestinarian once in the Arc of Safety is always in and defies Noah or the Lord himself to put him out! They may try that on the 'other animals' if they like but not on the good old Calvinistic stock—Aw Naw! (Quiet Applause!)

For a more complex calculation I will not trust to memory alone. Bring out

the Great Chart of the 'K. I. U.' John the Bat-iste has just made one of his famous 'swats' with the 'big-stick' which has sent the ball sailing through the blue-empyrean on an expedition with the Argue-nots plowing the Milky-Way and he will have made his home-run, touching at every base before it descends within reaching distance of either left-field or short-stop. Edward VII. on First gets an inadvertent elbow-poke in the ribs which Jean Batiste hardly sees his way clear to stop and apologize for even though he is a distant relation of our lineal ancestor Edward IV., especially as it settles the question of English Autonomy once for all. President Fallieres on 2nd. gets a kind of brotherly feeling for 'Ex-Prex' Roosevelt on seeing this magnificent run by his antagonist while right and left fielders, Wilhelm II. and the Pope with the Sultan at Constantinople are still gazing upward in the direction in which the ball went on a visit to the Pleiades!— And Halley scores one inning for her side. (Cheer upon cheer resounding!) She will make him John De-Vine now, Bishop of Ephesus, or the City of Offices, instead of merely her First Man.

CL. But we thought you wanted a statesman or at least a politician, Miss Halley, in these uncivil times, and not

merely a Churchman however distinguished in that line?

SHE. I have one in mind but I am not quite so sure about his incarnation in Buddha, or 'the Body' but the time for his manifestation has arrived and his star is in conjunction with myself.

CL. O you mean the Star of Bethlehem, Regulus in Leo, at the very top of the Arc of Light or Safety! Well, well, "All's Well That Ends Well" Allentown is not far from Bethlehem anyhow and there may be something in that Lehigh 'Myth' after all!

SHE. Samson's "Woman of Lehi" is in it anyway! and I think I see the making of the 'Son of the Sun' or of the Century in that Bat-iste—Napoleon to the Bat!

CL. Well that's all right, Mum, he's there, sub-consciously, but where is the Ball? Oh, we see it! This is to be a sub-conscious game you know, there it is! up in the rigging of Noah's Ark—won't you please toss it down the rainbow to us, Miss Le-hem! or isn't Man-ass-eh's wicked reign over yet!

SHE. This game is to wind it up, I hope, if you can get dry ground enough to stand on till it is over. Take another ball. That's a Souvenir! has been there since the other Flood, and if it hadn't I would still keep it there as a

remembrancer of this one.

CL. Well, as long as we have found dry land enough for the "K. I. U." to stand on after floating around sub-consciously 'in the heir' seeking local habitation (it had the name already) we think we can still compete with any Nine that Nineveh or Babylon can send out under command of the 'dashing colonel' Nimrod or Name-Red. 'JUST from Elba' and seeking another Waterloo!

SHE. And Waterloo is not far from "George's Tract" where the Napoleon of Literature was born, 'according to the flesh.'

CL. Yes, and according to the Bonyparte too—we call it the Boni-Party or the Lion-born Good-Party now—only we are out of the jungle now while the Mighty Hunter is still 'in the woods.'

Napoleon to the bat! Ney on deck!—(Right here this time, though it took a 'hard-ball' to wake me up!—O Grave where is thy victory—O Death where is thy sting! to witness such a Resurrection as this?)

"Play—Ball!"

NAP. See that 'Shadow of Napoleon' just emerging from the woods of European politics over there?—must think America is a Hotel to be run on the European or South-American plan or "go-illa policies." Well, I am going to

make a "Bull's-Eye" of him if this ball ever lands where I send it and a bigger hole in his face than Ney ever got in 's heart. Zip! Bang! Here Ney! Take this Bat! If I ever expect to get home I've got to run now who never 'run' before except to get to St. Helena to take a new start!

Teddie. We'll that's a 'Bull-Eye' good hit from the 'Bony-part of Elbow' anyway, if I may be allowed to sympathize with Edward's punch in the direction of the ribs and to make one pun or epigram before I 'retire' that will be likely to live after I'm gone?

Ney hits and scores: Yes and if your Biblically-named predecessor hadn't left his Nim-rodth—or Name-Red—on the walls of lion-hunting Babylon the Rossfeldt name would never have survived 'after the Red-Field was won.'

And Halley scores two for her side.

CL. And we had one already. That ought to settle it, but it won't!—

"We're thinking now of Halley,

Dear Halley, Sweet Halley,

We're thinking now of Halley—

And the Mock-King Bird is singing far
and wide."

SHE. I know it—A 'far and wide' imitation of the Royal Bard such as any second-hand or forty-second rate poet

might get up—the woods is full of them—but the Old Chanticleer can beat them all—The only Songster who imitates no one and can himself be imitated successfully by no one—‘the man without a model and without a shadow.’

CL. ‘Old Hens’ try to imitate him sometimes but are sorry for it afterwards. Young pullets may be excused for they have to learn! But what are you going to do with your young Statesman now, Miss Comet, now that he has won-out as a graduate of one of the best Base-Ball Colleges in the United States?

SHE. Why we are going to give him a Classical Education at the ‘K. I. U.’ His spelling is miserable and his chirography (for which he does not care) is nothing to brag of though still an improvement on that of most literary men of the age. But as to the Classics he knows absolutely nothing but what he was born with and what the College Professors during the regular so-called Classical course failed to dig out of him—But here is the young man himself,—Let him speak for himself!

B.—B. Thankee-Mum! But I know jes’ nothing but the Concord Philosophy which I learned during a twenty-years’ course at that place, which added to the ten or eleven years preceding that spent at other colleges or universities of the

land makes me like that other John the Bat-iste 'about thirty years of age' when he was born again as the Son of Light, and as all the pulpits and Professorial-stools seemed to be pretty well filled already concluded to enter politics,—year 1, New A. D. So you see, Miss Comet, or Miss Ad.-D., that I am as old you are and it must have been a very Immaculate Conception indeed that would make you a mother to me—though I could scarcely wish for a better one!

SHE. You might at least do me the compliment, Baba, to call me Mrs. A. D. as other people do. I am just as old according to the flesh as your first diploma or Alma-Mater, which makes us just even forty!—shall we say that Moses is just out of the Bull-Rushes again at that age and looking for a partner for life?

B.—. All right, Mrs. A. D. A. M., let it go at that—first woman for the first man. But what will the parson say?

SHE. Only that Nero married his mother or some other such Christian slander of the Classical Age. I was just telling the Class before you came in how little the Colleges knew about Pure Literature or the Classical Age.

B.—. But as in our last Lecture if the Mule did not marry his mother we are again confronted with the problem of where the Third Party is to come from

—if it expects to be a horse! It is important to settle this question for the Man-Ass's wicked reign is about over and Old Knower wants to go forth to plough!

SHE. And according to Moses 'twould still be wicked to 'plough with an ox and ass together.'

B.—. With 'a Knox and an A— A—together' did you say? I can locate the Knox but the other—well, there is a bone of contention between them and would not pull well together; but with a Horse for leader might still go as the "Jersey-Matches!"

SHE. 'There you go' then! but what will the 'civilized' world say about this arrangement?

HE. Why, just what Civilis said when he became 'Tacitus' the Silent Historian or Moses when he chronicled his own death to become First Man Joshua 'the Son of None'—'I would rather be President of the 'K. I. U.' and Bret-walda—or Broad-Wielder of Joshua's Ca'leb or Logos-Club than be called the Son of Pharaoh's Daughter'—who never could show that he had a father, but doesn't care a 'bull-rush' who knows that he had two mothers, one of them now an Angel and the other—well, the other is too! So— [Knight!

'Come, Birdie, Come! kiss me, Good!
For I my little prayer have said!

But, Birdie, I'm no Baby now
So put away my little bed!

SHE. But you are still Baber the terrible Eastern Conqueror, or Conqueror of the East while I am only 'Istar of Babylon', a Moorish Captive Desdemona who hardly dare say as yet that her soul is her own much less to claim her Good-Knight!

HE. On the Mountain's top appearing
Lo the Sacred Herald stands!

Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands!
Mourning Captive! God himself shall
loose thy bands!

Mourning Captive! God himself shall
loose thy bands!

When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my dark forebodings cease—
Lead me through Old Israel's Canaan
Let me view the Isles of Greece!
Great Deliv'rance! brings the Classic
Prince of Peace!

Great Deliv'rance! brings the Classic
Prince of Peace!

Here I smash your Spanish-Bible
Penned by Moors of long ago
Here I cleanse your Bethl'hem'-stable
Where your Shakspeare laid so low
Mourning Captive! wait the time of—
One More Blow!

"Cæsar to the Bat! Napoleon on deck
Anna Domini Pitch—Miss Halley Catch
'Co-Eds.! to right and left Field, Etc.

Play—Ba'll!

Anna Domino-pitch delivers the mundane-sphere square at Miss Comet-catch but 'J. C.' gives it a gentle parabolic-curve upward which will prevent its coming in contact with the Comet for at least 76-years to come—its next regular visitation. Anna Domini loses her head or lead-off and is brought forward a full century to the new Anno Mundi or Mary is 'Ad-ded' to or metamorphosed into the Virgin Elizabeth. or New Mrs. A.D.A.M. to meet the new chronological requirements of history, first making a note of the 'former position' of Anno Domini. or Year 1 A. D. when the so-called 'Man-Child' of Matthew is said to have been born, and just 100-years before which Julius Cæsar is said to have been born. Call that 1801 of that cycle of 1901 which preceded this one and the 'man-child' to be the Son of the Century or the Man-Child of Scripture must have been about thirty-years of age at the time or born in the preceding 1769. But that 'birth' or year of 801 has been assumed as that of the natural-birth of the Child-Jesus or supposed beginning of the era. or æon, but which could not begin until the arrival of the real Æon or John and his Gospel

of Civilization a hundred years later.

That is the Hundred-Years Chasm of History between those who think they know and those who actually know what the Immaculate Conception or Incarnation really was and it was a fine performance of the Bat-iste Julius to heave this earthly ball or mundane sphere entirely over it at one decisive blow. But the very acme of human-asininity is reached by those who place the birth of Julius 100-years still earlier or 200-years before the real incarnation of the Word or Logos in John in the real Year 1, or 1901 A. D. A. M. as it is now again to be called from the New-Adam or Anno Mundi, Year of the World or New Creation, for the world is never more than 1800-years old or from 1901 to 1901 again and creation is always more of a mental or spiritual process than a natural one though substantially the same material is used at each successive evolution of the sphere.

But to create or form correctly you must think correctly or your work will never take on any material shape or if so, only as a 'freak' and will be of no lasting duration--simply tolerated by Nature or the Divine Archæus working through her, for the sake of the raw-material or 'Rooseveltian Phenomena' thus incidentally or 'accidentally' devel-

oped—for no one will have the hardi-
hood to claim that even the irresponsi-
ble multitude ever intended to make a
Chief-Executive out of Vice-Presiden-
tial-timber, but when once on the job
he 'stuck like a barnacle' and whatever
the timber used might have brought in
other markets that job of 'Cabinet-ma-
king' Etc. which followed was about the
worst ever palmed-off on an unsuspect-
ing public.

But the time of the Greek "pleroma"
or "full-ness" has again arrived
on the Dial of the Ages and we must
now 'Play-Roma' in earnest or the Na-
tional Game on an International scale.

For though I did not intend deceiving
you but for a moment, My Dear Class!
by taking your minds off the importance
of Base-Ball in National Politics, yet if
I had not done so I never would have
got your ears for the above bit of philo-
sophic induction or Introduction!

CL. You have our ears now then,
Baber! so go on—with your Base-Ball
facts. You have saved that much of
is anyway in your evolution from the
multitude like Cyrus or Cæsar or The-
gnis, who claimed to be Mules and ev-
lutors of the New Greek and later Ro-
man Democracies from the Asinine Re-
publican stage.

B. I will 'cover them down' then with

a 'dome' like Domitian the Son of the Century and Father of the New Era,— 100 A. D., concerning which I shall say more later on from the steps of the Church of St. John Lateran near Executive-Square. I now again assail your ears! with the following prognoses, to which if you are really asses or poets or imitators of Shakspeare you will reply in rhyme or verse:

What caused the Fall of Greece and Rome?

CLASS:

They had a base without a dome!

BABER:

What caused the Fall of Roman Grace?

CLASS:

It had a dome without a base!

B. Right! Say that over pretty often so that you don't forget it—

C: And blame it on the Mosquito like that Harvard Professor, eh?

B. Eggzac'ly! He may have been reading cuneiform inscriptions or making Arabic "pot hooks and hangers" and mistook Muscovite for Mosquito or something, whatever it might be called in the Russ-velt dialect or collection after it was skinned! And this brings us face to face with our subject proper:

The Great Historic Cataclysm which

has separated the Old from the New by a chasm of Four Hundred Years which the Republican Ass has never been able to satisfactorily 'bridge-over' nor the Democratic Mule been able to quite get around, as intimated in our last book,—but which we are now to close-up and consolidate on the Pan-Anglican basis by bringing forward that Grecian-Base or Basis of the Old Mosaic or Platonic-Dispensation (simply travestied by the Jew) and capping-it with the dome of the New Era Holy Roman Empire.

For observe that the Græco-Roman Classics from Homer to Tacitus contain more inspiration and a purer literature as derived from the Phœnician Noah himself than could possibly be expected from a mere Hebrew imitation of those ancient and Divine originals. But when in addition to this serious handicap we consider the inclination of the Jew, as the defeated party or 'condemned Jews' to falsify or mutilate the records, we cannot be surprised that so little is now known about the real Flood and the Exodus which immediately followed that event even at our so-called "seats of learning"—for seats of teaching they certainly are not at this present time—except perhaps for Base-Ball (tumultuous cheering!) nor have they been for a period of four-hundred years!

For then had appeared for a brief interval with Halley's Comet sweeping across the sky the faint glimmerings of a Renaissance from the long sleep of the Dark Ages but as in Plato's time—'the Moses who wrote in Attic-Greek' there was there a Mephistophelean-Aristotle ready to 'turn on the nose' to put it out! (Cries of which? the Comet or the Re-nascence!)

George Gemistus Platho (or Plato) would say 'Both!' for he did not live to see how much his younger Tudor-son John Lascaris or Paleologus would redeem of the latter from that "famous-squirt" to say nothing of what his lineal descendant John the Bat-iste might do later on.

CL. O we see! we see—the beauty of the Concord Philosophy, the real isableness of the is and the absolute nothingness of the isn't! What a magnificent 'run' the Mighty Bat-iste has made across the centuries this time anyway! touching at every Base of the supposedly civilized world from his School at Colonus (near Athens). at Rome, at Paris, at London and at Washington that old Græco-Roman Home-Base again!—that same race which Paul ran so vigorously and successfully that his athletic instructions are prized to this day, though he only reached London, his home-base

nor his home-coming attended by any mock-heroics or usual Rooseveltian Phenomena concurring with Carlyle's 'popular delusions and the madness of crowds'—Macedonnia's Mid-Man!—awful mad just now! Come over and help us! put a quietus cap on this Neo-Platonic Philosopher and make another Tacitus of him that Jingo and Hilabulloo may still rule supreme in this land of Manasseh's wicked rain and Noah's not yet subsided Flood!

B. Gentile-men! I admire your 'chic' and cheer in a worthy Missionary cause like this, but I must beg of you to allow me to complete my lecture in my own way. I am here to civilize you with all the rest no matter what Macedonia's Madman returning from the Happy Grounds may be doing 'over there' or what the significance of that 'Macedonian Cry' of the Muscovies or Mosquitoes of 'Come over and help us! Their Czar stole the diadem of the Cæsars and wore it more awry than Czar Reed or Cannon ever did and so will Nimrod the Mighty Hunter with the 'Big-Stick' if he ever gets another chance—and all the petty Mesquito sovereigns of moribund Europe are 'greasing his heels' and bidding him God-speed on his mission of out-Heroding Herod in oversiding the budding Civilization of the

entire Western World!

CLASS:

Cum Civilis, Civilize!

We will Pitch and you Bat-ize!

B. Well, then,—Napoleon to the bat
—Josephine 'coachee'—Wellington on
1st.—Wesley on 2nd.—Calvin on 3rd.—
Roosevelt Pitch for Class—Anna Mun-
di Catch—

Play Ball!

NAPOLEON'S SOLILOQUY!

But where's the Ball? By Zeus! I see
it not!

It rests within th' Almighty Father's
Hand

Who first did send it spinning 'mong
the orbs

(Which move to Nature's measured
symphony)

As now this puny arm of Pitch would do!
[Jos.—Bony. Beware your second Wat-
erloo!]

'My-Nerva' nerves an arm which once
did send

The 'Muskeet'-Russ skedaddling to his
lair—

With Moscow all in flames—I caught a
cold

On that 'xpedish I never had before
Nor want again—and lost some worthy
men

If now I had I'd give to worthy Penn!

[Jos.—The Ball is here! My Nappy-Bonny Dear—

Miss Hallev brings it from the central-sphere!]

N. 'Beulah' for her! Man-Ass-eh still a-rainin'

I'll send it to the Happy Land of Canaan!

(Sends it!)

CLASS.—Cum-Civilis, Civilize!

We'll Submit and you Bantize!

N. B. Well Gentle-men! D'y' know the first thing I would do as Civilian of this Commonwealth and surrounding nations of the Globe would be to appoint myself Public Censor of men and morals? ! (Cries of That's what we need—Go A-head—Cæsar did it!) Do you mean to say that Cæsar really appointed me to do it or that I am only imitating him in doing it?

CL. The Rooster 'restores' but does not imitate!

N. B. Aw, I see! and the Coon imitates but does not restore! Neither of the Parties will know themselves till they have resumed their original symbols. But who restores the Rooster?

CL. We look to the man with the bat to restore him in politics but we are not anthropologists enough just yet to say how he restores himself.

N. B. Would you believe me if I

would tell you?

CL. We would try!

N. B. Well then by restoring the Socratic Philosophy through Plato's mouth-piece, i. e. Socrates himself.

CL. Why wouldn't Bacon do,—with Shakspeare as mouth-piece, or mask?

N. B. Not old enough; people like something with the smell of antiquity about it especially when they go nosing around Europe.

CL. Did they ever try Cologne with its seven-thousand dead-virgins? think that would have satisfied them in the matter of "bones" at least!

N. B. But not your true Bony-partist—he's as old as the rock-ribbed hills of the world!

CL. Any snakes on them?

N. B. A few—There's Anna-Conde' and the Boy-Constructor, or 'Rag-Baby' inventor. You see this Bat? (Yep!) Well I see you and go one better—a much better one though this one has done me good service this day as Moses' Rod or Joshua's C'lub in speeding this earthly-ball on its way to the New Happy Land of Oanaan to be civilized. Now those few words change this bat which I hold erect in my hand into the Caduceus or wand of Mercury and likewise the symbol of Esculapius the god of Father of Medicine. Furthermore

by opening the eyes of your sub-conscious understanding you will see two serpents twining around but on the opposite sides of it and the winged-globe rising from between them at the top.

"We owe a Cock to Esculapius,—or a School-apiece, pay that debt," says Socrates to Crito in his last moments—

CL. Whose last moments, Boss, yours or Crito's ?

Why, Crito's of course, or I wouldn't be here to crow, or tell the tale !

CL. Then you only died figuratively ?

Not even that, but Crito died absolutely.

CL. Interpret !

Well, you see, Crito was a Cretan and "All Cretans are liars" according to an old Greek proverb. He represented the Old School of thought who sacrificed their god or Rooster and eat him to get the good of him ! while I kept mine as an ensample of virtuous living or of sound moral and physical health. So I am living yet a true Bonaparte sound in body and mind while Crito is in his grave, the victim of a delusion which as Paul says of those who eat and drink the body and blood of their Great Master or Exemplar 'unworthily' or erringly, "for this reason there are many sick among you and many sleep."

That Tae-tse Bug doesn't do it all !

And what is true of the individual is true of the State as Theognis might say in the later French, 'L' Etat c' est moi' and so the Old Greek Democracy of the Restored or 'Roostered' 'Bonl'-Party or 'Party of the Good' was not only an honor to itself and the Salvation of the State but a bright and shining light to all the nations of the earth till long after Plato's time—this Greek-Basis—but Macedonia's Mad-Man over-ran it all with his Muscovite or "Mosquito-Policies" and in his Mad-Hunt for the Pletho-I-Saurian 'Di'-caught-a-leadin'-us Me-gather'em in the long-haired survivor of the white-Maned Rhinocer-hoss which till lately had become extinct since the time of the original Doctor John Gerson of the University of the Sorbonne, Paris, and which the 'Dashing Colonel' thought he might still find for them in the 'Shakspeare-Penn' of Modern History if not exactly in the saintly Pennynacker's 'Shakspearean'-Pen of Pennsylvania latter-day Ditto,—And if not, then. O ye Men of Athens! then why not take him or either of 'em for a Doctors' Degree or 'Crown of A Man of Letters' in place of the Original Greek or French Gerson-Shakspeare? for were not they both Later Day saints and 'police-graduates' of the same school of practical-politics!

"Grapes from Eshcol! Grapes from Eshcol! A-School-a piece!—A-School o' Peace. Escula-nien's Rod has sprouted and C'lub's spies are bringing forth grapes from the Promised Land!"

GLASS. Hear that, Boss? That's quick work since your ball was sent there! We told them to wait till the Lecture was over and the Game was called-off as we didn't even have time to eat them or pack them away; but they said they couldn't wait for the pole was breaking down on which they carried only two-bunches and their backs were awful tired besides.

NAP. Well, as long as it isn't long-haired white-rhinoceros pelts from the Dashing Colonel of the Jungle you may let them come in and we will stand the interruption. I am personally interested in fact deeply engrossed and absorbed in one of those hides and it is very sensitive to the uncouth touch of the Mighty-Hunter to say nothing of his long-handled scalping-knife which kindly keeps him at a safe distance from his contended prey while attempting the flaying-operation—for the Colonel is nothing if not conservative—of his own skin!

That is the reason why the already (by us at least) sufficiently distinguished Colonel went over to Africa to hunt

the long-haired white American Monoceros, formerly the French Unicorn (and still on the Arms of England) because it was the last place to look for him with the expectation of finding him for he is distinctly a product of the white race—he simply wanted to hunt him—not to find him. He could still be the Mighty Hunter for Office at any rate! and that is about the estimate that most “safe and sane” persons put upon his strenuous efforts anyway and the applause of the multitude rather pleased than otherwise with the clatter of the safety-valve or a ‘loose-shingle’—in its second-childhood as in its first still ‘pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw.’ The Game is off—Come in out of the rain, Teddie! Man-Ass’s wicked-reign—or you will surely get wet! but it does not affect the long-haired Rhine-Nassaurene-hoss in the least for he is equally at home on water or land—and the very ‘hoss’ you were looking for to Roost-ore the Third Party. So you see the Rooster is but the symbol of perpetuity to ‘wake us up’. So we still owe a Cock to Episcopalius (for that is better English than Esculapius) as the State owes a debt to the Church for keeping alive at least the Letter of the Word or ‘Horse’ of Revelations. Henrietta-Maria, thou hast done well, but with the

Spirit of Elizabeth, or the 'spirit of the letter' thou wilt do better—Be thou the Guardian Spirit of Our New Universal-School as now proclaimed from the steps of this New-Church Episcopal of Saint John Lateran near 'Executive-Square' and as much older in years and prestige than the White-House Vatican across the way with its modern 'Will'-worship as its namesake in Old Rome is than the Vatican itself—and that is that 'Idol-Will' versus John Shakspeare still!

In bringing over this Old Cæsarian coping-stone or real Shakspearian Domy Head to crown the Monumental Rooster of this our Old Greek Basis allow me to congratulate you Miss Halley that you are here with your Comet so exactly on time to give us light for the ceremony! Some will say that you are ten years late to have your visit correspond with the Golden Number or Year 1 A.D. of the Prayer-Book or Episcopal Liturgy which marked the former Visitation of the Virgin-Elizabeth 25-times seventy-six years ago! But you are to blame Anna Domini for that being detained as Ana-Conde' and her failure to become the Princess Elizabeth of that name while the Boy-Constructor went to work on the 'Rag-Baby' "William," the spurious Shakspeare of 1607 only four visitations ago! I admit you are

a little late getting to Church as most fashionable people are but the slight discrepancy of ten years as in the case of Helen of Troy, or Esther of Babylon is rather apparent than real considering the interval between the Letter and the Spirit of the Letter, or the time required for the development of the natural Mary into the spiritual Elizabeth—or the so-called Purification of the Virgin. While during all these Ten Years of Shakspearian warfare against the 'Trojans' for the recovery of a Pure Literature, and an 'undefiled Church' the Sectarian Parties, churchly or political have been coddling the 'Rag-Baby' and 'chewing the rag' of Nonconformity!—So, as Oberon says to Queen Mab in the revised Shakspeare:

If we never come together
We will never have good-weather
And the price of living always going up:
He asked for a 'Bone'
But they gave him a stone
And threw out the bone to the Rappet:
The way that they handle
And that 'Rag-Baby' dandle
The great wonder is they don't 'drop-it!'

But Roosevelt claims to have had instructions just how to dandle it from his old Dutch grandmother without endangering any of its Sambo Sham-Bones

but in lines of 'Dutch-Hebrew' doggerel in that Hague speech (I think it was) that are too insipid and puerile to be quoted here. But then the Colonel is not a literary man, only a Mighty Hunter and an accomplished nurse of popular superstitions and spurious politics!

MISS H. But My Dear Napoleon of Literature, let me amend a single line of this last poetic effusion of yours—as your critic or proof-reader I think it would be much more sonorous and effective thus amended!

NAP. Go on, Miss Halley (Josephine) I will be pleased to have you "Amen!" anything I say!—it may go as a slight penance for being late to church.

SHE. Well then, I would like to see that last line read like this:

The great wonder is WHY they don't
'drop-it!'

N. Sure enough! I accept the Amendment and hope the 'pome' may go down to posterity so Amen-ned! But the greatest wonder is why that 'why' dropped out of the printed copy for I am quite certain it was in the original.

SHE. And I am quite sure that I so inspired it!

N. Amen! the world will soon know where its Pure Literature comes from.

SHE. And which needs no muck-rake

king to make it fit reading for the family circle.

HE. But Juno! d'you-know some of these "Literary Day-goes" not very obscurely hint our Rooster is a muckraker or a McGregor or something? And there may be a grain of truth in that slander just as there may be a grain of corn in a dung-hill but it is very hard to get at as these muck-slingers do not seem to know what a muck-rake is really used for as they probably have never read 'Bunyan' or know that a muck-rake or a Tillman "pitchfork" is only objectionable in the hands of some Macedonian Mad-Man who "runs a muck" against everybody good or bad whom he imagines stands in the way of his elevation to the throne of Babylon as established by a former "Nimrod the Mighty Hunter" or from sheer love of animal blood and slaughter.

SHE. Nobody envies what nobody wants—a reputation like that! Why didn't he go for the coons—?

N. Sure! But why go for his friends? But let's go in out of the rain, Miss Halley—Manasseh's wicked mud-slinging rain—for to properly muck-rake or cleanse the 'Literature' of the day will take another Flood—and we havn' even got our mud-proof storm-coats on.

SHE. And won't have. You forget

my dear No'e. (for I am the Knower and you the Know-ee) that the world was never again to be destroyed by a Flood—water is too scarce, and scarcity of water in case of a General Flood is almost as bad as in a fire: and besides it is not orthodox so to believe and we St. John's people are nothing if not orthodox according to the SPIRIT of the Letter, or that which the Letter was designed to teach, and which INTERIOR but by no means 'hidden' meaning is bound to escape the unwary or negligent reader in the very best translation that could possibly be made even in case the Moorish or Spanish-Hebrew compilation were reliable and there were no later cunning Hilprecht interpolations or 'interpretations' on an absolutely material and puerile basis—of transparent fraud! Book me for a Speech, Bony, before George Washington's University, or the 'K. I. U.' at an early date and I will stop right here—if not, then not!

NOE. All Right. Myth-Methusalem but be sure you don't bamboozle-'em!—but you may consider yourself as sufficiently 'Booked' for this voyage—or Flood anyway—or is it only to be a consuming-fire! answering every purpose of a 'muck-rake' in cleansing the dross from this terrestrial-ball!

SHE. All right and 'orthodox to the

last' Mr. Bamboozle-'em ! since I have commenced on you with that same flood of inspiration which before helped Old Knower out of the situation ! But—where's Teddie ! I would like to give him a little of the same to help him over his fall campaign after the 150-days cataclysm is past which is now upon us and from the same Comet which caused the antediluvians so much trouble ?

NOE. Why, he was here just now a moment ago ! I told 'the Janitor' to put a tag on him as the Lord told me to keep a specimen of every species of animal I could find without waiting too long or going too far out of my way to do it. For aught I know he may be a valuable Ass-set to, or even the Head of that Party or any party to which he may attach himself and I wouldn't throw

A straw in his way

Nor a bundle of hay

to defeat the designs of Providence in having him run for the Presidency in 1912—for the designs of Providence are mysterious and I wouldn't just like to say what they are ! For the next five months at least we think he will not be an object of terror to anybody as we have put him in 'cold-storage' in this absolutely fire-proof Air-Ship ! But if the worst comes to the worst we will have to lose him that's all !

When Paul or the Elder Bull set out with his companions for Rome to "set the world on fire" he sailed in the Ship Argo whose sign was Castor and Pollux which rules the month of Maiæ, or May so we must be him for we were born in May and so called the Son of Mai, Maiæ, or Mary, and the Lost Helen of Troy was our "Sister" of course—in the interior or Scriptural sense. It was natural that we should try to redeem her from Paris, or the Parisian idolaters or Philistines of the 'Sour-Bone' or Grapes of our New-School from Eshcol,—Happy Land of Canaan! and whose latest fad is the worship of the quasi Prince of Babylon, Mighty Hunter Nimrod, Embryan-ic 'Xander-Big or 'Scanderbeg' now turned Litter-a'teur, Animal-Ethnologist, Speusippian Stump-Politician, Defender of Human vs. Divine Rights, Etc., Etceterandum. But 'chained to the arm of Burrus' or Robber-Bruce he was as badly handicapped as was Sir William of Valois or Bullus or myself, the Younger Bull or Bullus when delivering our Helen-Marions or Henrietta-Marias from the snare of the fowler or the wiles of the Stewart-Despoiler of our home and property, to say nothing of domestic happiness which weighs but little with churls and 'machine-made' politicians of the Old School.

Arrived at Rome—the fire having already broke-out in the House of Sallust the Historian of the Coelest-ial House of the Virgin among the lingerie or ‘lace-curtains’—(Aletheia or Truth having been said to have borne a Torch to the Prince of Caledon) Nero is just bringing out his Bible or ‘Old-Fiddle’ to play for the ceremony. It has but one string—harped-on by nearly everybody in Rome—that of ‘Redeeming-Blood’ and thinking that his own blood was about the kind that ought to be redeemed from African or Egyptian Bondage or Slavery he waxes (or ‘rosins’) more enthusiastic every moment: he even makes that old thread-bare string the First-Chord in the New-Harmony of the Concord Philosophy and unfurls the New-Standard of Blood-Purity on the steps of the Church of San Giovanni di Laterano and the whole white-robed throng of the New-Jerusalem of the ‘Officials’ crying out for the space of about two-hours, ‘Beulah’ for Halley! ‘Beulah’ for Halley! on this her 25th. visit to the Blessed Virgin Elizabeth, Mother of St. John de Litera’teur since the former Neronic Cycle of 1910!—Great is Diana of the Ephesians! Great is Diana of the Officials!”—and that is the whole story of “Nero fiddling while Rome was burning.” Gibbon, or Macaulay or a

Dickens would have spread it over about seventeen-pages of genuine Fool's-Cap and made a regular slander or 'Cretan-Lie' of it in the end while Tacitus, or Cæsar or me would record it in about so many words and make it the standard of orthodox truth besides! Muck-raking like this needs no apology and it certainly will not get it: nor will all the 'spouting' or squirting of Colonel Speu-sippus the boasted but spurious successor of Plato and his 'School of Athens' "put out the bleeze." In commemoration of which Miss Haller and her concourse of Angels of the Anglo-Caw-caw-sian race on a former visitation to this planet named the little country of Bal-ize, the smallest on the New Continent, not bigger than a man's hand' and called it the noblest Roman of them all!—provided that no Black Man or negro-miscegenator should ever be allowed north of its borders except as enfranchised Roman freedmen as provided for by statute. And to all which judicious espionage of the New Hennery-Etta the Rooster chanted Amen! and Amen! and let the Constitution be so Amen-ded—and all the New-Hen-ery-Etta's answered "Caw! Caw! Caw!—we are all Caw-casians or Cock-Asians,

MARCHING TO THE TUNE OF YANKEE-DOODLE-DOO
AND WHEN YOU'RE OUT OF BREATH WE'LL WHOOP IT
UP FOR YOU!

and so will remain to the end of the Chapter! Caw! Caw! Caw!

And certain ones hearing Paul and Sallust reason in this way said among themselves 'Are these things so? and if so, what shall we do to be saved? And Sallust subconsciously perceiving their thoughts said unto them, 'Don't marry a nigger anyway and trust to Providence for more Light!'

So, in Conclusion (?) if you are Cock-Asians, My dear Class, I go you one better! for I am not only that but an 'A. C. Coxe-ian' of the Diocese of Buffalo, and who by the laying on of hands have inherited the Anglican Apostolic-Succession and so have a Divine Right to 'crow a little' when 'laying hands on you' to constrain you to carry-out "My Policies." But take my advice. Young Cock-a-Doodle-Doo's! and don't 'wake people up' till you have something to tell them—they may not like it. The Tariff "Bare-Bones" is poor diet for a hungry people. We have something to tell them but we have scarcely begun yet and it will take a further Lecture on the Classic Drama and its Relation to International Politics from Miss Halley and I [Co-Eds.] to really 'break the ice' between us and "the Dear People!"

CLASS.—Cum-Civilis, Civilize!

Spare your Fire but still Baptize!

ball just yet which goes with a bang to second-base and beyond—Shakspeare still running! At this juncture Teddie crosses hands with the Pope to protect second-base and both go sprawling to grass! At this precise psychological-moment the comet heaves to view on the horizon and the 'firing of Cannon' is dying-away from the direction of the Capitol. There are earthquakes and knee-quakes, wars and rumors of wars and then all is quieted down again except the usual "Roosevelt Phenomena" both the victims blaming each other for being the cause of this collision with third-party politics.

"You're a Supreme Ass!" says the Ex-Prex. to the Pope, fumingly.

"You're a Methodist and a Blunder-uss!" retorts the Pope hissingly.

"You're a Catholic and that's just as bad!" blurts out Teddie. "Our coalition against the Coming Man is at an end: I'll take Pinchot and make another in!"

"Home! Eh?" chimes in our Shakspearean Cum-Civilis. "Don't cry Old boys or run home: I'll be peace-maker you two, the very Prince of Peace myself—So, dry your tears and let me tell you something: this is not the first time that John Gerson (Pan-A.), Doctor of the Parisian Sorbonne has been called to settle a dispute between the rival-popes of the East and West, even at the

risk of having to assume the tiara himself. But there is one consolation, that if it doesn't just fit we can give it to our Janitor St. Peter who will do us the honor of wearing it for us.

Pinchot! Pinchot! Satan hath desired to have thee that he may sift thee but whether for the conservation of the wheat or the chaff the Lord only knows. You have been called over the ocean wave for something—perhaps to assist in the "Back from Elba" Movement to meet its Waterloo—only the true Napoleon now hails from St. Helena where he was last heard from.

As for you two Lion-Pretenders being peace-makers either for yourselves or the world it is perfectly absurd. One of you 'Leo's' is a Dutchman and the other an Italian and it requires a Frenchman as formerly to settle or civilize you both! Yonder's his Star, 'Regulus in Leo'—Can you beat it, O ye 'Publican and sinners, with your 'Roosevelt Phenomena' or 'Big-Stick'? Here is your "short-stop"—Look before you attempt to leap the yawning chasm—the Great Historic Cataclysm described in these pages! Edward to First—Penn to Bat

Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah!

Pilgrim through this Gershon-land
'Tis Joshua makes all things de-novo
When he takes the Bat in hand!